Separation

A slight sparkle
A slight wisp of wind
Time swallows all
of the past.

Memories...

Maybe this was me as a child,
sending lost gazes into nothingness...

Playing games
that nobody ever wins at.

Or that silhouette, smoothly blending
into diffuse clouds in the far distance.

My worries have condensed into raindrops.

They are misting the imperfect beauties of long gone days.

Thank you
for that gaze,
I'll never
forget it.

As the memories brighten up...

...the silhouette is just a shadow behind a dusty window.

Even with the most beautiful sunshine,
one half of me will always be hidden by the trees' shadows,
as the other half is dipped into the brightly shining sun.

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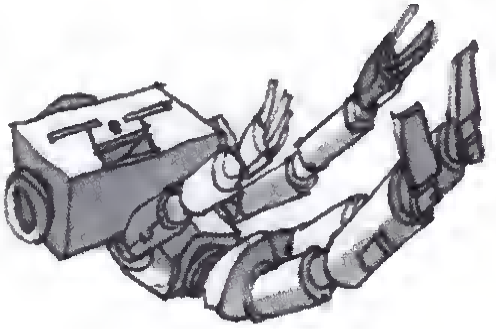
1k and 8



This is a chinese comic.
Read from left to right!

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